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# THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

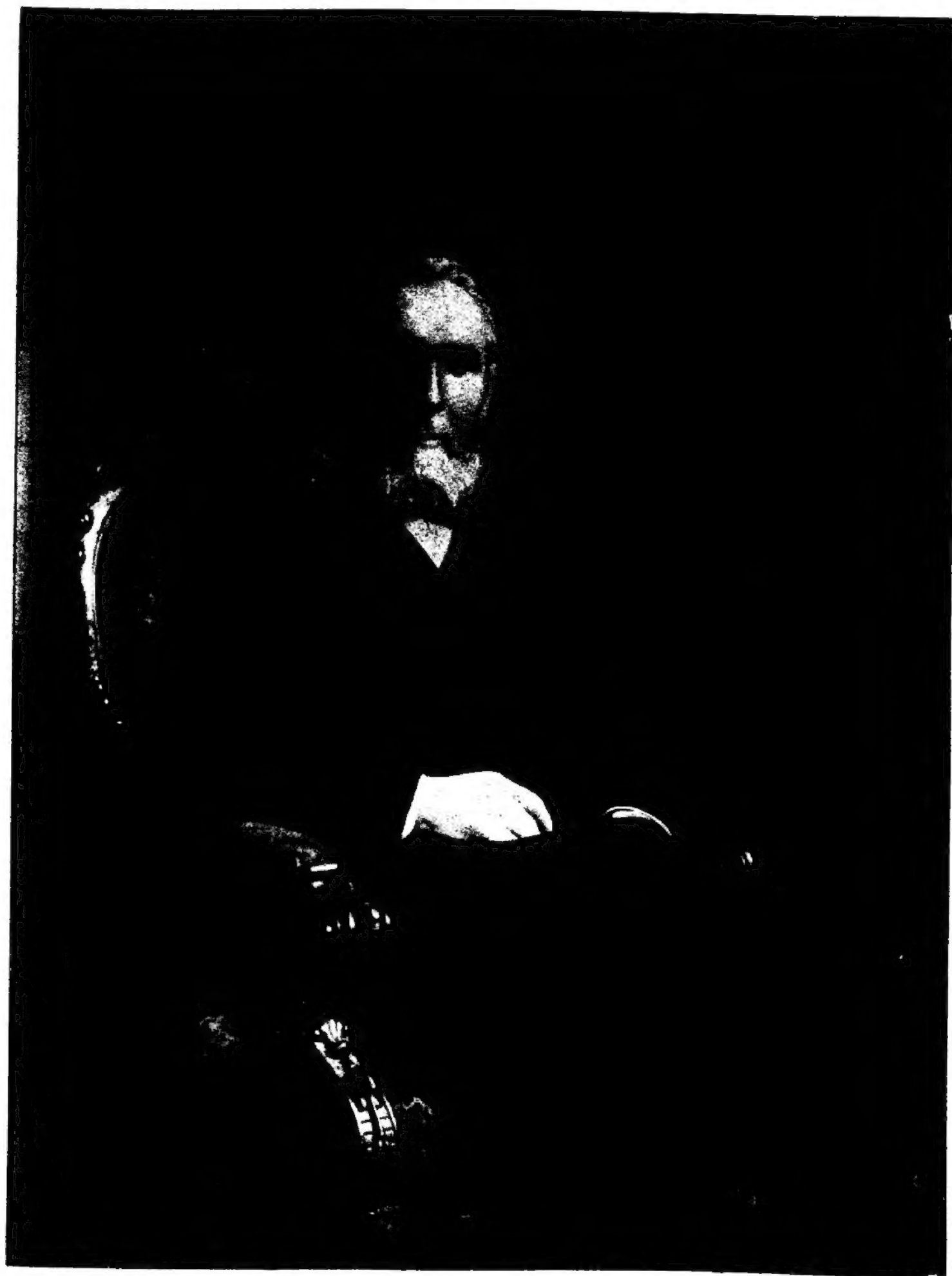
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MONTREAL AND TORONTO, 20th APRIL, 1889.

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THE HON. ALEXANDER MACKENZIE.

From a photograph by Topley.

# The Dominion Illustrated.

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20th APRIL, 1889.



"The man who fights and runs away  
May live to fight another day."

General Boulanger did not want to fight—deeming the match an unequal one between a popular soldier and prejudiced authorities. It was rumoured that he was really afraid of the guillotine. That instrument is certainly a formidable enemy; nevertheless, a soldier, and more especially one who poses as a leader of men, ought to stand his ground. The fines to which his colleagues of the League of Patriots were sentenced give an air of anti-climax to the proceedings. But the General did not escape trial by leaving France. It has been begun in the Senate (the vote in its favour being 209 to 57) and Count Dillon and Henri Rochefort being associated with the chief defendant.

It will be some time yet before Count Tolstoi's view of the Gospel as a rule of life, to obey which would imply a literal application of every command in that corner-stone of the new Dispensation—the Sermon on the Mount, has commended itself to Christendom at large. The literal acceptance of the command not to resist evil would, Tolstoi argues, bring about in time the cessation not only of wars, but of lawsuits and all private enmities. Are we farther from the martyr spirit which alone can lead men into that path of peace than we were two centuries ago? Bear witness, holy shades of Jogues, Brebœuf, Lalemant, Garnier and Chabanel! You, at least, brave, gentle spirits, dreamed not of libel suits.

The *Canadian Gazette*, which never fails to keep its English readers informed as to every phase of Canadian development, has an article on the Canadian phosphate trade, based on the last report of the Minister of Agriculture. As we pointed out some time ago, the shewing in that Report is not what the friends of progress would desire. It is to be hoped that the *Canadian Gazette* will, ere long, be able to announce that our great phosphate fields, which constitute one of the most important sources of our native wealth, are being worked not only to the advantage of Canada, but to the profit of British fertilizer-makers and farmers, to whom phosphate is more than ever essential now that the guano deposits of South America are giving out.

We have of late had to mourn the loss of several of our most prominent men in various ranks of usefulness. The last noteworthy addition to the swelling list is the death of the Hon. Robert Dunsmuir, which took place at Victoria, B.C., on the 12th inst., from paralysis. The deceased gentleman, who was president of the Council in the Government of British Columbia, was one of the wealthiest and most influential citizens of the Pa-

cific province, and was universally venerated for his integrity and generosity. Besides his high position in the political world, Mr. Dunsmuir was president of the Island Railway, and owner of the Wellington collieries, the Comox coal mines, several steamers and other valuable property. He was, indeed, more or less intimately concerned in all the great enterprises of the colony, and will be sadly missed both in Vancouver Island and on the mainland.

The dairymen's convention which has been sitting in Ottawa represents one of the most productive industries in the Dominion. In cheese manufacture, a Canadian, Mr. Macpherson, of Lancaster, takes the palm, we believe, for the extent of the interests under his control. Only those who have carefully kept track of the movement in recent years—as described, for instance, in the widely circulated articles of Mr. W. H. Lynch, and the addresses of the Hon. Mr. Beaubien, the Hon. Boucher de la Bruère, and others—can have any notion of the dimensions that this class of manufacture has of late assumed, or of the improvements that have been made in our milch kine, in their treatment, and in the methods (the silo, especially) for securing a good supply of wholesome fodder all the year round. We hope ere long to be able to present our readers with illustrations of the buildings, machinery and processes that have revolutionized the dairy industry in Canada.

Until the completion of the Canadian Pacific Railway, very little was known in Eastern Canada of the scenery, resources and capabilities of the vast region beyond the Rocky Mountains. During the last couple of years we have learned a good deal from those who, having taken the trip across the continent, have given the results of their observations to the world. But the sum total of our knowledge is vague and restricted—made up of casual glimpses, here and there, the story often halting just when our curiosity is most excited. Now the records which we want most are accounts of real experiences by persons of intelligence and education who have actually lived amid the scenes that they undertake to illustrate with pen and pencil. The series of contributions from Mrs. Spragge (some of whose bright, instructive sketches have already appeared in this journal), which we have the pleasure of commencing in this number, just answers to this description. They are impressions taken on the spot, vivid, clear, readable, abounding in touches that bring out the characteristics of the country and its people, and quicken our interest in that Olympus from which one divinity—the charming-visaged, supple-limbed Goddess of Health, is never absent. We cordially commend Mrs. Spragge's delightful letters to the attention of our readers.

Emigration has of late been an engrossing topic in the English press and Canada naturally has a front place in the discussion. Vast as are our unsettled habitable areas, there is still need of caution in selecting the persons who are to fill them. On the character of the new-comers depends, to a great extent, the future condition of the region which they are invited to occupy. As a rule, those who apply for grants of land are trustworthy enough. The danger lies with the mixed class, for which the cities and towns, already sometimes over-stocked with labour, have the strongest attraction. Even when the influx is

chiefly composed of the honest and industrious, the rights of our own mechanics and workmen merit consideration. It is a mistaken policy on both sides to attempt to relieve industrial congestion by casting the burden of one community on another only a little less burdened. At the same time there is a natural reluctance to turn away an applicant of good repute and useful hands. This conflict between interest and hospitality makes emigration a delicate question. As to the Scottish Crofters and the agricultural class in general, an arrangement is always possible; and the success of previous colonies inspires to fresh enterprise. We are thus laying the basis of a sturdy yeoman population in our great Northwest and Pacific province.

A vexed question has been at last settled without (so far) any breaking of heads. The Dutch are determined to keep Holland—which (in part) they rescued, ages ago, from the greedy maw of the ocean—under their own control. For some years the old King—whose name suggests "the glorious, pious and immortal memory" of Macaulay's hero, has been in failing health. His two sons had preceded him to the grave, to which he has been slowly hastening in a manner to prolong suspense. The Crown Prince, though loved by the gods—if the old proverb be true—was of little repute among men. He died unregretted. Prince Alexander, an invalid, did not long survive him. The only hope of retaining the Crown in the family of William III. was then his little daughter, by a second marriage, Princess Wilhelmine. Should anything happen to her, the inheritance would pass successively to the Duke of Saxe-Weimar and his heirs and other more distant kindred. The Crown Princess of Denmark closes the list, but as she is separated from the prize by some dozen lives, the union of the Danish and Dutch Crowns is a remote contingency. The Queen Consort, Emma, has been appointed Regent till her step-daughter is of age. The Salic law prevailing in Luxembourg, that Grand Duchy passes to the next male claimant, and the Succession Committee fixed upon the dispossessed Duke of Nassau, who now assumes the Regency.

It will soon be twelve years since St. John, N.B., was devastated by one of the most destructive fires of this generation. Phoenix-like, however, it has risen from the ashes of seeming death, and, in its new stage of existence, has shewn a vigour and enterprise worthy of the stock of its founders. It is now about to assume proportions and responsibilities which will place it in the very front rank of Canadian cities. On the 1st of July next it will embrace within its name and limits the city of Portland, itself a thriving industrial centre and the home of some special products and their fabrication. On the same auspicious occasion will be celebrated the connection of St. John with the Canadian Pacific Railway system and its new short route. The main feature of these important events is something new in Canada—new, indeed, in the civilized world, for as yet it has had but two noteworthy precedents. The enterprise in question, "the St. John Electric Exhibition," to be held during the first ten days of July, will comprise an illustration, as complete as possible, of all electrical appliances. The subject is one of the utmost importance both to science, arts and manufactures, and we trust that the public spirit of our maritime neighbours will meet



the support that it deserves. All needful information will be furnished on application to Mr. Ira Cornwall, Board of Trade Rooms, St. John, N. B.

The *Montreal Gazette* has made a bold suggestion—to make Montreal the *locale* of the proposed art convention which has been under discussion with our neighbours. Doubtless, as our contemporary points out, such a convention would be of advantage to this city and to Canada. "Art, like nature, knows no political boundaries." But would our neighbours agree to yield the *pas* to us and to pass over New York and Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago and other centres of art culture in the United States? And if they did, have we enough to show in the way of *matériel* to justify us in contemplating their acceptance with complacency? In reply, it may be recalled that Montreal has already been the chosen seat of two grand scientific conventions—those of the American and British Associations for the Advancement of Science. When the holding of the latter meeting in Montreal was first broached, there was no end of pooh-poohing. Nevertheless, we have not heard that Lord Rayleigh and his learned colleagues ever found reason to regret the choice. In like manner, if it were determined to hold an art convention in Montreal, or any other Canadian city, public spirit would, no doubt, ensure that the home and environment of the undertaking should be in harmony, from an artistic standpoint, with the objects of the promoters. Of artists, art connoisseurs and wealthy and cultivated patrons of art we have no lack and combination is the order of the day. Let them take the matter up.

### TO CONTROL THE PACIFIC.

There are certain considerations which make it more than ever advisable that Canada should lose no opportunity of getting hold, with as little delay as possible, of her fair share of the Pacific trade. For three hundred years nations and companies and individuals had been risking limb and life and expending fortunes in the effort to secure a Northwest passage to the East. The name of Lachine is to us a perpetual reminder of an implied promise not only to make the discovery, but to turn it to the best advantage. The Hudson's Bay Company, which, long before the decisive struggle under Montcalm and Wolfe, had anticipated the establishment of British power on this continent, kept looking for such a passage until the middle of the 18th century. The explorations subsequently undertaken by our native companies both before and after the conquest had the same end in view. Du Luth, Verendrye, Mackenzie, were all, consciously or unconsciously, tending to the same goal. When the railway movement began half a century ago, the first sure step on the path that destiny had marked out for the attainment of the great object was taken, though at that time the notion of a real and practicable ocean passage by the extreme north still held possession of some minds. But the iron track once laid even over a few miles of ground, there was no longer any doubt of the ultimate achievement of a transcontinental route. Such a route was, indeed, forecast, as long as thirty years ago. To whom the credit of the idea may be due we need not now inquire. Suffice it to say that the federation of British North America made such a connecting link essential to the permanence of the bond.

We enjoy the benefit of that great line several years sooner than the most sanguine could have looked for its completion. Already we are so familiar with the marvel that it has ceased to be one. But the great task is not yet finished. It is true that the Dominion has been bound together by bands of steel. But there are bands stronger than steel—those of self-interest. And to make the Pacific Railway the success that it ought to be, it must be supplemented by a line of fast-going, splendidly equipped ocean steamships and a complete system of Pacific telegraphy. On this last point we would again refer to the map and accompanying comments that appeared in our issue of the 6th inst. But what we wish especially to point out is that this needful supplementing should be done speedily. Delays are sometimes more dangerous than rash precipitation. Those who counselled a transcontinental railway a generation ago were laughed at. Yet, had it been built then, England's intercourse with the East would have been established through Canada before the Suez Canal had riveted attention on its advantages. Instead of acquiring an interest in that enterprise, the British Government would have done all in its power to build up the Canadian Pacific. And now our neighbours discuss unreservedly the opening up, under United States auspices, and on the basis of the Monroe doctrine, a canal through Nicaragua. "England," say the advocates of this scheme, "has the command of the Mediterranean at Gibraltar and Malta and Suez. We shall have command of the American Suez and who shall interfere with us?" They even talk of having Hayti or Cuba by way of adding to the strength of the position. But what interests us still more, they are looking forward (and with a very determined aspect) to the command of the Pacific. They must, they insist, have Samoa or the control of it, and the harbour of Pango Pango must be theirs. Now, if the United States be really in earnest in these plans of aggrandizement, and are bent on becoming a great naval power and having the control of the Pacific, it is of the utmost importance that Canada should lose not a moment in consolidating the agencies that will give her the lead in the carrying trade to the East and also extend her own commerce. The Nicaragua canal cannot be built in a day; the great American navy that is alternately to sweep the Pacific and take shelter in Lake Nicaragua cannot come into existence even at Mr. Blaine's fiat. Nevertheless, we are assured that, as far as the Secretary of State is concerned, there will be no apathy in carrying out those grand designs that are to make the Monroe Doctrine, as revised by Blaine, a power in the world. Let us too, then, be up and doing. If we cannot control the Pacific, we may, at least, be one of the powers that control it.

### ROYAL COLONIAL INSTITUTE.

In the year 1868, before the Dominion of Canada was a year old, a number of gentlemen, interested in Colonial affairs, held a meeting at Willis's Rooms, London, for the purpose of organizing a colonial club or society. At the first meeting the subject was merely broached. The press took it up and some newspapers gave the project a cordial support. Other meetings followed and, in due time, the Royal Colonial Society (as it was first named) was inaugurated, Viscount Bury, whom some of our readers may recollect,

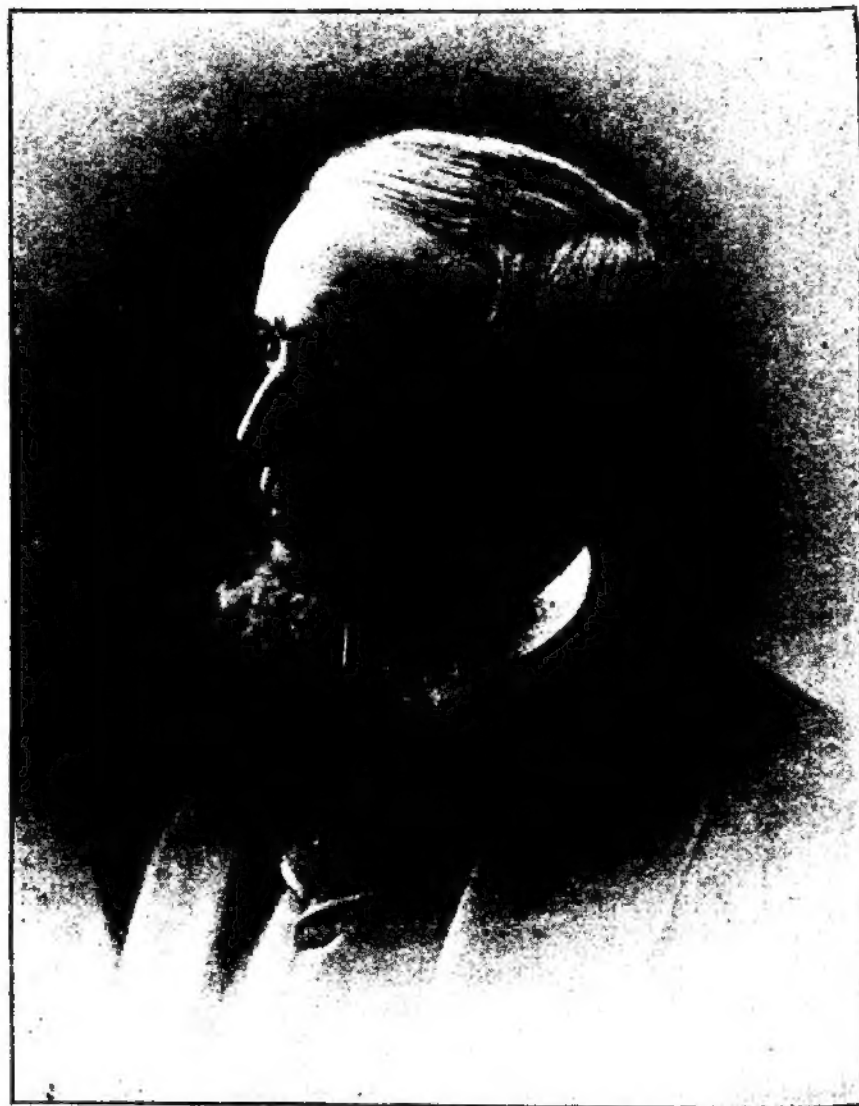
delivering the inaugural address. Among those who helped to promote the enterprise were Mr. Edward Jenkins, at one time agent-general for Canada, Mr. R. J. Haliburton, Mr. W. F. Lynn, Col. Maude, Mr. Gisborne Molineux, Dr. Bourinot, Sir J. W. Dawson, Sir Richard Graves Macdonnell and Mr. (now Sir) Frederick Young. To this last gentleman, for many years the secretary of the Institute, fell, in great part, the responsibilities of organization. Without his efficient aid the scheme would not yet, perhaps, have passed its initial stage. The objects which the Institute set before it from the first were to provide a place of meeting for gentlemen connected with the colonies and India and others taking an interest in Colonial affairs; to establish a reading-room and library, as well as a museum for the collection and exhibition of colonial productions; to facilitate exchange of experiences and afford opportunities for reading papers on topics connected with the colonies and with India, and to undertake and encourage investigation into the history, progress, resources and people of the scattered portions of the Empire. The membership is of two classes, that of resident and that of non-resident Fellows.

A few weeks ago the Institute, which was incorporated by royal charter in 1872, celebrated its coming of age by a banquet, at which the Prince of Wales, who has been president for some ten years, occupied the chair. The occasion naturally offered opportunities for surveying the progress of the colonies and the Institute's share in it during the last twenty-one years. The speeches of H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, Lord Carnarvon, Lord Knutsford, Sir Arthur Blyth, Lord Charles Beresford, R.N., and H. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge, while touching on a variety of questions, Imperial and Colonial, were at one in advocating the integrity of the Empire. No one who has followed the career of the Institute, as set forth in its annual proceedings, can deny that it has been a widely felt power in the direction of unity. It has brought the colonies nearer in interests and sympathies to the motherland than they ever were before, and has very materially modified the opinions of statesmen and the public at home as to the position, importance and destinies of the colonies. The Rooms of the Institute, in Northumberland Avenue, have a ready welcome for every colonist who sets foot on the shores of England. There he will meet with men whose aspirations are akin to his own, and make him feel that in spite of dividing seas, he is still at home. There he can obtain all needful information regarding any question that comes within the scope of the Institute and the range of the Empire. The twenty published volumes of the Institute's Proceedings contain a mass of knowledge concerning every corner of the Queen's Dominions—from the greatest to the smallest—contributed by persons who have had the fullest opportunities for verifying it in each instance, which is to be found in no other publication. The membership comprises a fair representation of what is most enlightened and progressive in India and the colonies, and of the best type of British public men who would do the Colonies justice. The Resident Fellows number above 1,200; the non-Resident nearly 3,200. In the latter list Canada figures prominently, though there are names still absent which should long since have been included in it.



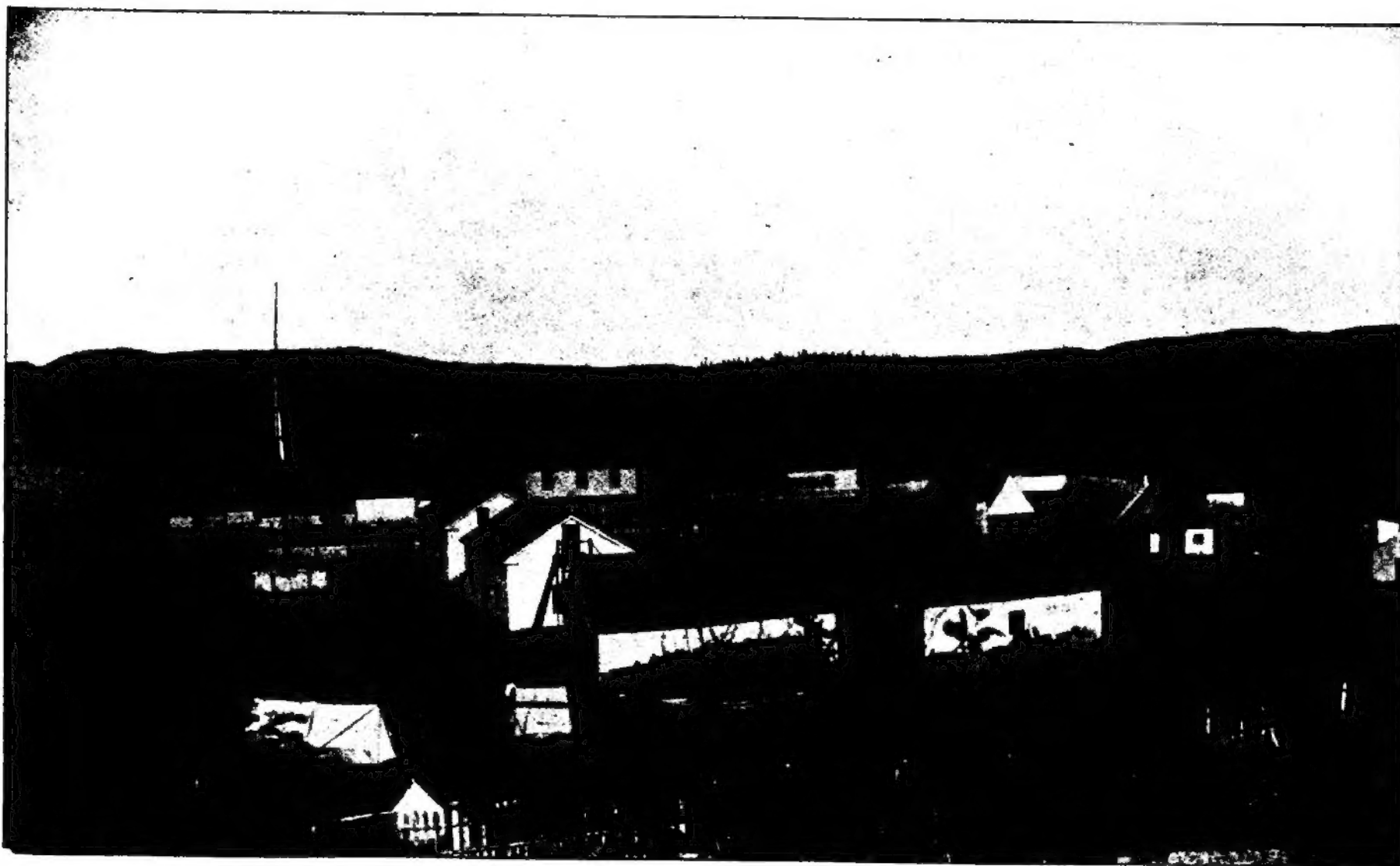
THE LATE HON. JOHN HENRY POPE.

From a photograph by Topley.



THE LATE DR. R. P. HOWARD.

From a photograph by Notman.



HUDSONS BAY CO.'S POST, MICHIPICOTEN R., LAKE SUPERIOR.





SKETCHES IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

By Mrs. Arthur Spragge.

1. A Gentleman's Residence, B. C.

2. Distant View of Boundary British Columbia, from Bow River, near Calgary.

3. Donald, B. C., 1886.





**THE HON. ALEXANDER MACKENZIE, M. P., P. C.**—We present our readers to-day with a portrait of the Hon. Alexander Mackenzie, the only Canadian statesman who has, since confederation, shared the honours of the Premiership with Sir John A. Macdonald. Mr. Mackenzie was born in January, 1822, in the parish of Logierait, Perthshire, Scotland. He was educated at a private school in Perth and at the Grammar School of Dunkeld. The death of his father threw him on his own exertions at an early age, and having learned the business of a builder, he came to Canada when he was about twenty years old, and settled in Kingston, Ont. In 1843 his late brother, Hope F. Mackenzie, joined him in that city. After a residence there of about five years, Mr. Mackenzie moved to near Sarnia, where, in course of time, his mother and brothers also took up their abode. Having carried on business there as builder and contractor for about five years, Mr. Mackenzie, who had all along taken a keen interest in politics, identifying himself with the Liberal party, undertook the editorial charge of the *Lambton Shield*, a journal which, under his management, had considerable influence on Western opinion. In 1861, his brother, Mr. Hope Mackenzie, who had represented Lambton, wishing to retire, Mr. Alexander Mackenzie was asked to stand for the vacancy in the Liberal interest. He was elected, and the six following years, during which he sat in the Legislature, were years of conflict, of vain compromise, and, finally, of a deadlock which, as both parties recognized, there was nothing in existing conditions to break and keep broken. They were, however, just such years as were likely to bring into evidence the qualities which, for so long, made Mr. Mackenzie the trusted leader of the Liberals of Canada. Observant, vigilant, ever basing his course on principles which he held sacred, he could not but discern much that was inconsistent and capricious in the conduct of the men whom, for a time, he was obliged to follow. Had his plan been adopted, the end in view might have been gained without a coalition, which the subsequent outbreak of partisanship in the Federal Parliament proved to have been forced and fictitious. In cases where the safety or welfare of the State makes it necessary to efface party lines, Mr. Mackenzie would tide over the hour of trial by a generous forbearance, but would not stultify himself by pretending to have changed his opinions or giving opponents his confidence. When the survival of party after Confederation became unmistakable, Mr. Mackenzie was unanimously fixed upon as the Liberal leader—a leader who would never swerve from his convictions, whatever might be the cost of constancy. In 1873, on the resignation of Sir John Macdonald and his colleagues, Mr. Mackenzie was asked to form a Cabinet. With his policy we need not deal. A convinced free trader, the Premier resisted the temptation, offered by an obstinate depression, to apply a remedy which, he believed, would be only temporary in its good effects. The evidently changing opinion of the public failed to influence him in the slightest, and at the general elections of September, 1888, his supporters sank to a minority which showed that, however highly it might respect Mr. Mackenzie's character, the public did not approve of his economic creed. In 1879 the ex-Premier moved to Toronto. Subsequently he stood and was elected for East York. Declining health obliged him to ask release from the responsibilities of leadership, and, since his withdrawal, the Hon. Edward Blake, his successor, has, for a like reason, yielded his place to another, the Hon. Mr. Laurier. The feebleness of his body has, however, in no way affected Mr. Mackenzie's clearness of mind or his strong patriotic interest in the affairs of the country. Besides his career in the Federal Parliament, Mr. Mackenzie has served in the Ontario Legislature and held office under the Hon. Mr. Blake. Mr. Mackenzie is also president of the North American Life Assurance Company, and is connected with several other important organizations.

**THE LATE HON. JOHN HENRY POPE, MINISTER OF RAILWAYS.**—We have already given a sketch of the public life of the late Minister of Railways, whose portrait we present to our readers in this number of the *DOMINION ILLUSTRATED*. His career was not a fulfilment of the often quoted proverb, that a prophet is without honour in his own country, for he represented for many years the constituency (that of Compton, P. Q.), in the midst of which he was born and grew to manhood. He first entered the arena of politics in 1854, when he contested his native county, but was defeated. In 1857 he was successful and sat in the Legislature of old Canada until Confederation. He was then elected by acclamation, and ever after, until his death, retained the confidence of the electors. On the 25th of October, 1871, he was sworn in as member of the Privy Council, and received the portfolio of Agriculture in the Macdonald Cabinet, a position which he held till the resignation of the Ministry in 1873. In October, 1878, he was re-appointed Minister of Agriculture. On the re-organization of the Cabinet, in September, 1885, he became Minister of Railways and Canals, which office he held till his decease. Though not an orator, Mr. Pope said what he had to say with conciseness and vigour. He was thoroughly in earnest in his efforts to promote the prosperity of the coun-

try, and was always assiduous in the discharge of his parliamentary and ministerial duties. He held several positions of responsibility in the Eastern Townships and elsewhere, being president of the Compton Colonization Society, a director of the E. T. Bank, a trustee of St. Francis College, Richmond, and was for many years in command of the Cookshire Cavalry. In private life Mr. Pope was highly esteemed for his sterling virtues, and his loss is deeply deplored by a host of friends.

**THE LATE R. P. HOWARD, ESQ., M. D., L.R.C.S.E.**—Dr. Robert Palmer Howard, late Dean of the Faculty of Medicine of McGill University, whose portrait will be found on another page, was born in Montreal on the 12th of January, 1823. His father, Mr. Robert Howard, was a native of Ireland, but came to Canada, and had been carrying on business in this city for some years before his son was born. Having completed his education at school, the latter studied medicine at McGill College, and then went to Europe to supplement his professional knowledge. Having attended lectures in both France and England, the young physician returned to Montreal, where he soon established an excellent practice. From the beginning of his career, his reputation steadily increased. The specialism which is so common now was extremely rare in those days, and Dr. Howard, like his colleagues, was a general practitioner. It was not until comparatively recently that he determined to abandon the practice of surgery and devote his attention exclusively to the medical branch of the profession. In 1856 he became a member of the medical staff of his university, taking the chair of Clinical Medicine. On the death of Dr. Andrew Holmes, in 1860, he succeeded that eminent man as Professor of the Theory and Practice of Medicine, a position which he held till his death. In 1885 he was admitted to the degree of LL.D. *honoris causa*. He had already been Dean of the Faculty for several years. The Montreal General Hospital long profited by Dr. Howard's services. For over thirty-four years he was secretary of that institution and for twenty-four was one of its attending physicians. He was, during nearly the entire period of his professional career, a member of the Board of Governors of the Medical Council of this Province. In that capacity his efforts to elevate the standard of medical education were unceasing, and, in many ways, fruitful. One of his cherished aims was the formation of a general medical council for the Dominion, and, though he did not live to see it accomplished, the idea found favour in influential quarters and may yet be realized. Dr. Howard was, at various times, president of the Canada Medical Association; of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Quebec, and of the Medico Chirurgical Society of Montreal. In 1887, on the celebration of the centennial anniversary of the College of Physicians of Philadelphia, he was made a Fellow of that distinguished body. In social life his qualities of head and heart made him a general favourite. While his kindly sympathetic nature won him the affection of those with whom he came in contact, he was revered for his scrupulous integrity and high sense of honour. Few teachers have been more sincerely venerated by their pupils than was Dr. Howard by the many students who had the benefit of his learning and example. A member of the Church of England, he was all his life a man of broad and generous views. He was twice married. By his first wife, Mary Frances, daughter of the late Judge Chipman, of Halifax, N. S., he left a son, Dr. R. J. B. Howard, of Montreal, and by his second wife, a daughter of the late Thomas Severs, Esq., of London, Eng., he had had four children, two sons, of whom one survives, and two daughters, who are both living.

**HUDSON'S BAY POST, MICHIPICOTEN RIVER, LAKE SUPERIOR.**—The view which is here presented to our readers does not suggest the "wilderness far from men" in which, according to Mr. R. M. Ballantyne, the H. B. Co.'s post is generally situated. It rather brings to mind one of those thriving pioneer settlements which are the hope of the vast region that lies beyond the great lakes. The valley of the Michipicoten, of which we here gain a glimpse from the mouth of the river, has been fully and carefully described by Dr. Robert Bell in the Report of the Geological Survey for the years 1880-81-82. The scene depicted in the engraving was the starting point of explorations which extended to and far beyond the head waters of the river and embraced a tract of country 344 miles from east to west, and 224 miles from north to south—an area greater than that of England. The natural features of the landscape at this point are very fine, showing an agreeable harmony of hill and plain, wood and water. The mouth of the Michipicoten is about a mile from its junction with the Magpie, and the company's post is situated on the south side of the former river and near the mouth of the latter. The falls, of which the sound can be heard from the point of view, add to the attractions of the neighbourhood. The scenery of the Upper Michipicoten is also very fine. The spot is not without its historic interest, as it was once the company's entrepôt for the trade between the lakes and James Bay. Voyageurs conveyed the furs to Moose Factory in large flat-bottomed boats, and returned with the goods received in exchange, which had arrived by the ships from England.

**GROUP OF SNOW-SHOERS, RIDEAU HALL.**—In opening the Art Gallery in this city, a former viceroy of Canada, to whom and to his royal consort Canadian art is not a little indebted, in complimenting us on our progress in photography, added some remarks on the costumes in which our people love to show themselves to the outer world. "I have heard it stated," said Lord Lorne on the occasion in question, "that one of the many causes of the gross ignor-

ance which prevails abroad with reference to our beautiful climate is owing to the persistence with which photographers love to represent chiefly our winter scenes. But this has been so much the case, and these photographs excite so much admiration, that I hear in the old country the practice has been imitated, so that if there may have been harm at first, the very beauty of these productions has prevented its continuance, because they are no longer distinctively Canadian; and the ladies, in what, I maintain, are the far more trying climates of Europe, are also represented in furs by their photographer, so that this fashion is no longer a distinguishing characteristic of our photography. In proof of this I may mention that in a popular song which has obtained much vogue in London, the principal performer sings:

"I've been photographed like this,  
I've been photographed like that,  
I've been photographed in falling snow  
In a long furry hat."

The snow-shoe costume in which this pleasant group, of which the chief figure is no less a personage than our Governor-General, is arrayed, though long familiar to Canadian eyes as the uniform of some of our clubs, first became fashionable at the opening winter carnival in 1883. It is comfortable as well as becoming and is admirably suited for snow-shoeing and other out-door exercises of our winter season. Our picture, besides being an excellent illustration of that costume, as worn by the fair as well as by the ruder sex, has other obvious claims on our regard.

**"QUIDI VIDI" LAKE.**—Situated a very short distance from the city of St. John's, Nfld., Quidi Vidi, familiar to the inhabitants as "Kitty Vitty," is a very beautiful sheet of water. The individual who was responsible for the original appellation had most certainly every reason to congratulate himself on what he had seen, either on the margin or upon the surface of the lake. The surrounding scenery is, indeed, charming, while the facilities for rowing and sailing—particularly the former, as the area of the lake is somewhat limited—are all that could be desired. Except when broken by gentle ripples, the surface is as smooth as glass. The venture out in boats has terrors, therefore, for none but the superlatively timid. Close by the water, on the north side, is "Jocelyn's Farm House," which is provided with every accommodation for evening parties, including a fine dancing hall. The surrounding grounds are prettily—even tastefully—laid out, and constitute a lovely promenade, upon which not a few all-important life questions have been decided. "Jocelyn's" is a household word in St. John's and to many persons not now resident there.

**LES RETOUR DES CREVETTES.**—In this, another of the Angus collection, the artist, E. L. Vernier, has given us a study of atmospheric effects that will repay careful examination. Those, however, who go to art galleries not so much to criticize as to have their hearts touched and their minds elevated above the present and the commonplace, will look on M. Vernier's picture for something more than a *coup de technique*. There is the story of a race, with a glimpse of the environment that moulded it, in this piece of strand, with the hint of ocean beyond, and the irregular train of shrimp catchers moving with their booty homeward. It is a fine picture, both in motive and execution.

**THE HARVEST FIELD.**—We here present our readers with an engraving of another picture of the Angus collection. The artist, in this case, is our old friend, Mr. Wyatt Eaton. The subject is one that all can understand. The ripe grain, standing and fallen, the bowed figure of the reaper, the mother enjoying the *dolce far niente* of the drowsy afternoon, and the child asleep on her lap, are all admirable in their simple truthfulness. On technical points the details of execution invite criticism, which the artist need not dread. It is with the general impression that we have to do, and we call it a charming picture, worthy of the artist's fame.

**NEW TREATMENT FOR SPINAL DISEASES.**—For something like six months in the treatment of persons afflicted with spinal disease (ataxia) and other wasting maladies, it has been, in Paris, the practice to suspend them as shown in our illustration. At La Salpêtrière, and under the treatment of Professor Charcot, this is made the specialty, and with very successful results. The discovery is, however, due to Dr. Motchoukowsky, of Odessa, who about 1883 described the grand results which had attended this treatment of the wasting of the locomotive functions and of other diseases of the nervous system. Subjects afflicted with this lamentable affection of the marrow chronic spinal disease, or *taches dorsales*, which manifests itself, after terrible pains in the limbs, in the paralytic symptoms of ataxia. Unable to hold themselves upon their legs, it is impossible for these unfortunates to move a step without the risk of falling. Every moment, if they attempt to walk, they stagger, totter, and by jerks throw their feet, which do not feel the ground, the one before the other. In the darkness they cannot move without falling, and if they shut their eyes they believe themselves to be suspended in the air. It might have been these peculiar sensations, more or less common to all persons so afflicted, which suggested the idea to Dr. Motchoukowsky of treating them in this way. "*Similia similibus*," say the homeopaths. But probably this was not the origin of the invention, as before this time American practitioners had been accustomed to suspend this class of patient before enveloping them in plaster corsets, so as to keep up for some time this forced extension. Indeed, it was after having repeatedly witnessed the practice of this operation that Dr. Motchoukowsky concluded that the beneficial results were due, not to the plaster corset, but to the suspension alone. He at once began to suspend all his patients, and the singu-



larity of the practice, no less than its efficacy, has contributed towards making its reputation. Much practised at the present time in several of the great cities of Europe, it was only recently introduced to the French profession by Dr. Raymond on his return from a trip to Russia, where he was accompanied by Dr. Onanoff, a pupil of La Salpêtrière. A series of successful experiments having been given, at the present time there are many patients who two or three times a week come to be hoisted upon the health cord. The operation is practised with due care at La Salpêtrière, with the aid of Dr. Moutchoukowsky's apparatus as shown in our illustration. This consists of a stiff bar, much resembling the beam of a balance, having at each of its end hooks and the arm pits, in the two loops formed by the straps, his head, as it were, bridled by the means of a double bandage which is attached to the bar above, having a solid support below at the nape of the neck and at the chin. Thus harnessed the patient has only to be raised from the ground. By means of a pulley cord from the ceiling to the middle of the apparatus the desired object is attained. The results, as explained by Professor Charcot, are sufficiently encouraging to warrant the continuance of the treatment, although, out of 18 patients, more or less benefited, not one has been radically cured. But it is something to become gradually able to stand up, to go a few paces, to walk without assistance—when it was previously impossible, particularly when the classic treatment of flashes of fire along the vertebral column had been powerless to produce any improvement. Between being hung up and burned, it is probable that patients would choose successful suspension to useless cauterization. From all time it is known that real hanging, where there is no cheating, and where the cord is kept to the neck until death ensues, very naturally passes, it would appear, for a relatively agreeable punishment, only cruel since it destroys too quickly the sensations that are for the moment awakened. Indeed, hanging, modified by the Moutchoukowsky process, although to a small extent only, undoubtedly possesses, and that without strangling the individual, the stimulating and regenerating properties of real hanging. Possibly this is the least serious aspect of the method, but it opens to an altogether different class of sufferers such prospects as would induce many to risk their stiff necks in order to regain, by suspension, their extinct fire and their lost energy. It is not to be doubted that in Paris, as elsewhere, some of the great hydropathic or bathing establishments will, ere long, prescribe these special gymnastics for their most debilitated patients. The multitude of fast lives, of precocious old men and of young wrecks is legion, and it may be necessary to declare some of these to be worthy of suspension. What a rich clientèle there is!

## AUSTRALIA.

### PROGRESS, PEOPLE AND POLITICS.

#### PART IV.

"Throughout the whole of Australia," says a recent writer, "a feeling obtains that Parliament is a profession which it's just as well for decent people to keep out of." In a book of advice to those visiting Victoria is to be found the following extraordinary warning: "If you enter into conversation with a respectable looking man to whom you are a stranger, on no account ask him if he is a member of the Legislative Assembly. You cannot offer him a greater insult."

I am certainly not prepared to guarantee such a statement, but that it could be made is a commentary upon modern politics which we may well note here in Canada. Many stories are told of the ambition which animates some of these infant states. When the Parliamentary constitution was given Victoria it was decided to build the Governor a residence suited to the future greatness of the colony. An architect was selected and instructed to produce a plan. He sketched a Gothic structure, which was considered unsuited to the climate. The Minister of Public Works asked to see his book of designs. On the first page was Osborne Palace. "Oh, something like that, on a scale slightly reduced," was the minister's comment. The result was the present palace—an imposing structure, with lodges, approaches, porticos, vast reception rooms, immense official dining and drawing rooms, the largest ball-room in the world, and a central tower 150 feet high, over which floats the Royal standard.

The salaries of the five Australian Governors exceed the sum of \$200,000, and are not considered a burden by the people, even in Queensland, which has a national debt of \$350 per head of the population. The two great features which circumstances would seem to have impressed upon the Australian character are a warm belief in democratic progress and the independence which is born of a life spent away from cities or amid

climatic conditions which renders it an easy task to make a living. These ideas are reflected in the poetry of the people, of which Gordon, Kendall and Brunton Stephens have been the chief exponents. There is in Australian poetry a strong sense of freedom and of power, much of which is a faithful echo of the weird nature that surrounds the solitary life of the settler in the Bush. The poets whom I have named all encountered early deaths, and their effusions contain a vein of sadness which perhaps foreshadowed the all too short careers awaiting them. A few lines from the pen of Henry Kendall is marked by an exceedingly pathetic vein. He is describing the hopeless waiting of the friends of a pioneer who penetrated too far into the interior and was murdered by blacks:

"They looked for him at home,  
From sun to sun they waited.  
Season after season went,  
And memory wept upon the lonely moors,  
And hope grew voiceless;  
While the watchers passed, like shadows,  
One by one away."

Very different is the following extract from a long and sustained poem by Stephens:

"Linger, oh sun! for a little, nor close the day of a million.  
Is there not glory enough in the rose-coloured halls of the west?  
Hast thou no joy in the passion-hued folds of thy kingly pavilion?  
Why should'st thou only pass thro' it? Oh, rest there a little while, rest!"

The educational system of the continent is now far advanced, but cannot compare in efficiency or excellence to that of Ontario. In every one of the Australian colonies the state system of education is compulsory and secular. Western Australia, however, grants some assistance to private denominational schools. The man who has perhaps done the most for education in Australia is Wm. Charles Wentworth, whose figure towers far above that of any contemporary as a statesman and a patriot. In the early history of the country he takes a place similar in some respects to that of William Lyon Mackenzie in Canada, but possessing a reputation unstained by rebellion and stamped with genuine political acumen. To him are to be ascribed the two great works of establishing constitutional government and founding the University of Sydney. While alluding to the question of education it would not be well to omit mention of what seems to be an exceedingly creditable fact. It is said that the high class London periodicals and the works of the best modern writers on politics, sociology and physical science are far more widely read amongst what are called the working classes of Australia than is the case in Britain. A well supplied reading-room and library are to be found in every Australian town. Debating societies abound and abstract questions are keenly discussed.

The people of Australia, as a whole, and excluding the business men and manufacturers of the cities, are divided into two distinct classes, the planters, or squatters, and the miners. The term "squatter" is now used to describe the large pastoral tenant who rents his land from the Crown for grazing purposes. This class controls the great agricultural industry of the Southern continent, the raising of sheep and cattle. In 1856 the land under cultivation was 650,000 acres; in 1884 it was eight million acres. In the previous year the number of sheep was estimated at eighteen million; in 1884 at the enormous figure of 74 millions. Cattle growing is not nearly so profitable as sheep raising, but requires far less capital to start with. The vast difference between a cattle-ranch and a sheep-station is this: that while the former can be made to pay its way from the start, the latter requires a heavy outlay before it can even be stocked. Long experience has shown that every part of Australia which is fitted for growing sheep is subject to occasional periods of very severe drought, and this has to be provided against at great expense. When once the sheep-farm is fairly launched, however, the profits are immense, much greater than in any other possible investment.

Toronto.

J. CASTELL HOPKINS.

## WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

This was the title of a lecture given recently by the Dean of Westminster. He disclaimed any intention of delivering a regular lecture, but intended, he said, to speak a little familiarly to his audience concerning the Abbey. What caused the Abbey to be so interesting in the eyes of all who spoke our language was not the impressive beauty of the church, for that could be equalled by many churches in the world, but the fact that, from the first dawn of English history, the Abbey had been connected with that history, and had twined itself round the hearts of the people as no other church had done. The Dean next related the legend as to the saint, St. Peter, descending from heaven to consecrate the building. It was alleged on that account, that the Bishops of London had no control over the Abbey, and to-day the Dean of Westminster had a diocese of his own. At the close of the purely English history, before the Norman conquest, Edward the Confessor, being extremely anxious to raise a great church, brought over Norman builders and built a large monastery on the present site, intending it to be his last resting-place. The style of architecture was Norman—heavy arches with thick pillars underneath. When Edward the Confessor was on the point of having the Abbey dedicated, his last illness came upon him, and he was laid in front of the altar. Then came the tremendous contest that was fought out at Hastings, where the English were thoroughly beaten. The Abbey, however, was not touched, and, on Christmas Day of that year, William the Conqueror was crowned in front of the altar. From that day to this, no King or Queen had reigned over England who had not put the crown on at that spot. When Henry III. came to the throne, he set to work to pull down the church of Edward the Confessor, and built a finer one, and all the beautiful arches now in the Abbey were constructed by him. The remains of Edward the Confessor were taken up from the front of the altar and placed where the shrine of Edward the Confessor now stood. Then began a new era for the Abbey, Henry III. had himself laid in the stately tomb which they could still see, and after that the burial of Kings began there. The Dean then pointed out the connection of Wales and Scotland with the Abbey, observing that the crown of the last Welsh King, Llewellyn, was brought to that sacred place, while the remains of Henry VII., the Welsh King, and James I., the first Scottish King, were buried there. In that way they could see how the Abbey helped to typify the solidification of England. After a time people began to realize that poets held an empire no less than that of Kings, and the first great poet, Chaucer, was buried there. A citizen obtained leave to put a monument up to Chaucer, and the body was then removed to where it now rested, and that was the foundation of Poets' Corner. A great succession of poets and others were laid there. They could stand with one foot on the grave of Dr. Johnson and the other over the remains of Garrick. He had been asked to clear out some of the ugly monuments now standing in the Abbey, but he thought of what England owed to the famous men they represented, and felt that these monuments ought not to be removed.

## THE EASTER LILY TO THE CROSS.

Dear Cross, so young to life and love, am I  
That faintest pink for kiss I've never paid  
The sun. But yet the burning rose will fade  
E'er this my one and stainless passion die.  
Last night, a bud, O Cross, my earnest cry  
Was heard. The boon, I've gained, and undismayed  
The voice that granted love I have obeyed.  
So in thy circling arms held let me lie,  
And claim the joy that with thy pang is bound.  
My all—the gift I dare to offer thee—  
Is but the little whiteness that is wound  
About the soul thou knowest true, and, see!  
It gleams most dimly in thy light; yet crowned  
With love, I need no fairness save in thee.

ELEANOR M. W. CAREY.

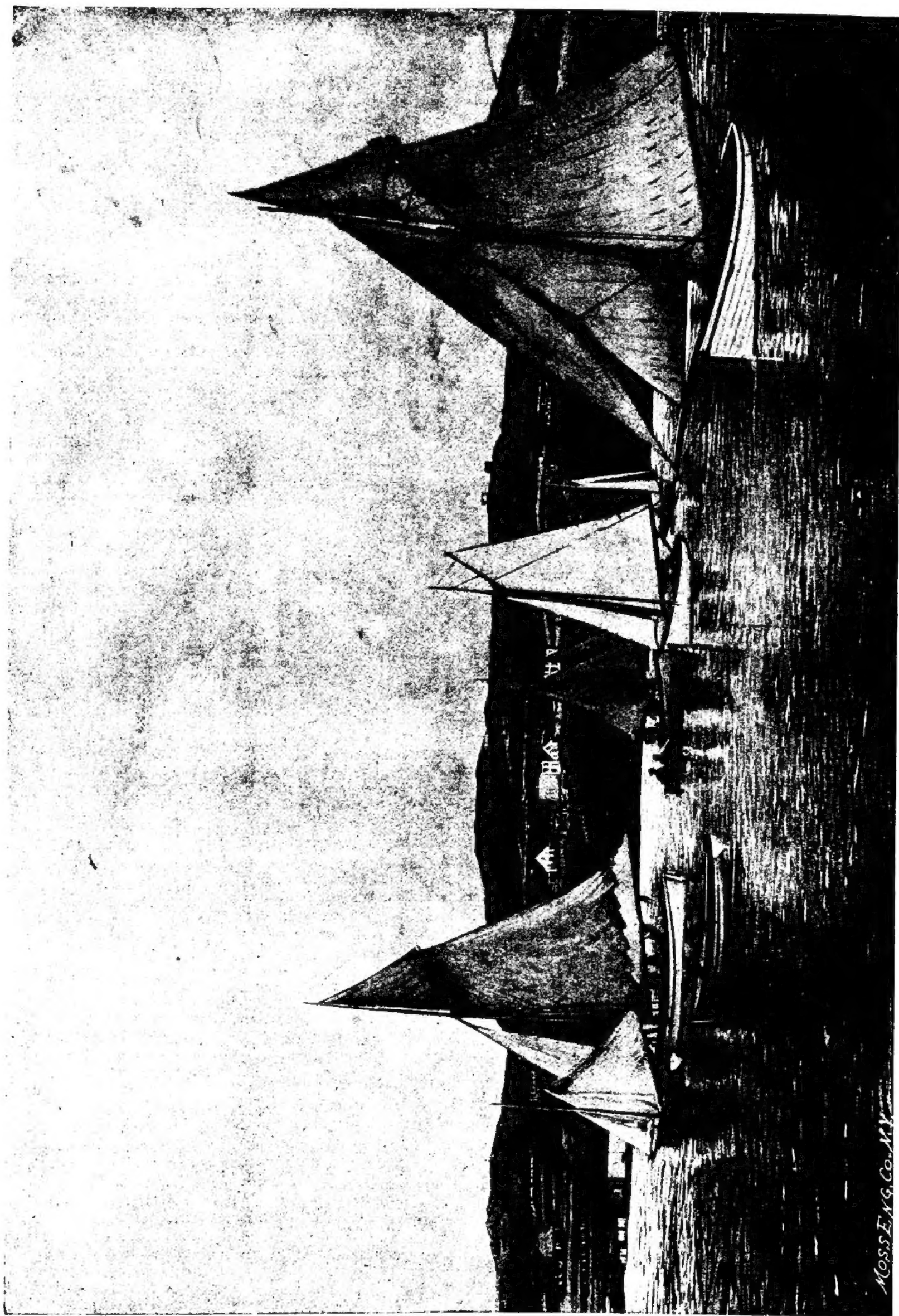




A PARTY OF SNOWSHOERS AT RIDEAU HALL, OTTAWA.

From a photograph by Topley.

NEWFOUNDLAND—QUIDI VIDI LAKE.



PREPARING FOR THE RACE: QUIDI VIDI.

By courtesy of the St. Johns Telegram.



## The Lady in Muslin.

This letter was dated from Paris; and the writer requested an immediate reply. Gaunt had no idea of giving up the papers: the very fact of Mr. Huntingdon calling his wife "the person" strengthened him in his resolution to keep his promise; and he knew that Huntingdon could not demand them, unless he proclaimed his connection with Marie. So he allowed the letter to remain unanswered.

A second, however, following closely on the first, and more insolent and peremptory in its tone, made him determine to confront Cecil boldly and end the matter.

He therefore sent Mrs. Marsh to Paris with a letter from himself, stating that Mrs. Marsh, as Marie's nearest relation, was willing to hear any claim he might choose to make to the property of her late niece.

Mr. Huntingdon received his visitor with much more surprise and embarrassment than pleasure. He assured her he had no wish to interfere with Miss Marie Marsh's relations: all he desired was to know if Mr. Gaunt, who knew so well all his acquaintance with Marie, had her papers and letters in his possession. He did not claim them. He knew he had no right to them: he made no mention of the child.

The private interview that Mr. Huntingdon was conducting so courteously with his unwelcome guest happened to be suddenly broken in on by the entrance of a tall, fair-haired lady carrying a little boy of about two years in her arms. The child called out "Papa!" and Mrs. Marsh's surprise at Mr. Huntingdon's courtesy vanished immediately.

Mrs. Marsh very sensibly made inquiries as to who this lady was; and she brought back to Gaunt the intelligence that Cecil Huntingdon had married on his arrival in India—that is about sixteen months prior to Marie's death—a young lady of good birth and large fortune, and that he had a son and heir of two years old. Of course poor Gaunt felt anything but happy at such news. He must do something; and Dick hated action in such a matter.

With some difficulty he persuaded himself to go to Paris, face Cecil, and denounce him as a bigamist.

He arrived in Paris, found the hotel, but Mr. Cecil Huntingdon and family had left four days before for India *via* Marseilles.

Richard was not altogether sorry for this interruption of his plan.

After that a considerable time passed, and he heard no further news of Mr. Huntingdon, till our summer visit was suddenly brought to a close by Mrs. Marsh's recognition of Mrs. Huntingdon, and we found ourselves the dupes of her wild but successful scheming to gain possession of those important papers.

### XVII.

#### AN INVITATION ON CHRISTMAS EVE.

Time passed on. Gaunt went to the continent; I stayed in my rooms, and led my bachelor life among my books and writings; and if it had not been for the occasional visit to Blackheath, and the warm welcome I always received from pretty little Cecile, I should soon have ceased to remember much about our summer's adventure, and the serious results it was likely to have had.

We had been so completely duped by the fascinating lady of the cottage that the subject was not one to be remembered with any pleasurable sensations. Even the lawyers had been amused at our expense; and I must confess that had it not been for my moral rectitude and affection for Cecile, I should very much have preferred that Mrs. Huntingdon should have been allowed to remain quietly in possession of her stolen property than that the world should get wind of the story.

I knew Gaunt had no great desire to appear in a court of justice against the lady, and I fancy there was a paradoxical satisfaction blended with his regret as months passed, and the beautiful thief still remained concealed, and the papers unrecovered.

It was a clear, quiet proper Christmas Eve. On the ground the snow lay white and hard: above, the stars twinkled frostily in the dark heavens: so at least my landlady told me. I was sitting with the curtains drawn snugly over the windows close by my blazing fire, much too warm and comfortable to think of making such observations for myself.

I was mentally congratulating myself on the clever dodge by which I had avoided the necessity of passing my Christmas with a rich old aunt in a dull country village, without endangering the legacy I expected, while I looked complacently forward to the morrow's dinner with a party of choice friends at Gaunt's rooms (he had just come home), when my door was thrown open, and my landlady summoned a gentleman "as wanted to speak to me."

A person dressed in black, and who kept his hat pressed over his eyes, entered with a solemn, dignified manner and advanced, but stood silently before me till the door had been safely closed.

He stood rather in the shade, and his hat and beard so concealed his face that I never noticed his oriental complexion and countenance, until he presented me, still without opening his lips, with a letter, and then the dark-skinned hand made me glance up curiously.

"Zemeide!" I exclaimed, startled; and then grasping his arm I sprang up, determined to call assistance and have him secured. The Indian neither attempted to shake off my grasp nor to resent my treatment; he looked quietly up at me with his black deep eyes, and said in good English:

"Read the letter, sir, at once."

"And give you time to escape?" I exclaimed. "Thief that you are."

"Escape!" he repeated in a tone the utter scorn of which I cannot describe. "Did I not come here of my own free will? Read the letter, Mr. Owen," he added, suddenly changing his tone to one of utter indifference.

I glanced at the envelope: there was no mistaking the clear handwriting; it had directed queerly twisted little notes to the White Horse Inn so often; then I glanced at the Indian. If I had detected the slightest indication in his expression that he guessed at the foolish thoughts that were then passing through my mind, I believe I should have knocked him down without an instant's hesitation.

He stood calm and unresisting, so I released his arm, and went and locked the door, keeping, however, my eye firmly fixed upon my guest.

"If this," I said sternly to him, tapping the letter, "does not contain information concerning those papers you have stolen, I shall not allow you to move from here but in the custody of a police constable." Zemeide deigned no answer to this pleasant piece of news, but stood quietly before me, while I broke the seal and read the note. It was very short, merely containing these words:

"DEAR MR. OWEN,—

If you will accompany Zemeide to my lodgings, you shall hear some intelligence that may be of use to your friends. I am in great trouble; so pray come quite alone.

"Yours,

"M.O."

The daring coolness, the almost impertinence of writing such an invitation to a person who she must know had discovered that he had been her dupe, was sufficient guarantee as to the authenticity of the letter.

To come alone, too! Did she fancy I should invite Gaunt to accompany me, and that we should drop in on her, as we used to do at Hazeldean; or did she know that the affair was in other hands, and that I might possibly bring a policeman with me, unless touched by the simple pathos of the sentence, "I am in great trouble?"

I pondered a minute or two. After all, if Margaret Owenson did know that Gaunt was pursuing the recovery of the stolen papers with determination, she was not too daring in writing that note to me. I could no more have faced the bright lady

of the cottage as "Avenger" than I could have flown.

"Gaunt's interest must be looked to," I muttered to myself as I folded up the scented paper. "I certainly must see this woman."

I rose up. "Does your mistress live far from here?" I said to the Indian.

"Half an hour's walk," he answered, laconically. "Let us go, then."

I took the precaution of thrusting my arm through Zemeide's as we went down stairs, and he offered no resistance.

It was a freezing cold night, much too cold for romantic musings as we walked along. The tiny spark of sentiment that had been kindled at the unexpected sight of that handwriting soon went out, and as I stamped along the icy pavement I felt almost sorry that I had not carried out my first impulse at the sight of the Indian, and immediately given him in charge to the police, stayed by my warm fire, and left them to hunt out the rest of the affair.

As we hurried on, and began to wind about the handsome streets and squares of the west, the regret increased, and I dreaded the idea of meeting Miss Owenson almost as much as when that broiling August morning I had to make my acquaintance with her by apologies for opening her letters.

Zemeide led me on ruthlessly till we reached a house in — Square, up the steps of which he condescended almost to bound, an action evidently induced by his satisfaction at having so far accomplished his mission.

The door was opened by a butler in deep mourning, while beyond stood a footman ready in orthodox fashion to conduct us up stairs. Zemeide, however, with the air of a privileged person, passed them by, and saying in a low tone "Follow me, sir," conducted me up stairs.

The house was handsomely furnished and well lighted, and as we passed the drawing-room I saw two or three persons lounging on the sofas in that quiet lazy fashion which bespeaks "at home."

There was no romance about the house, nothing strange or mysterious; it was evidently occupied by a family in the well-to-do ranks of society, a commonplace set who would scout all connection with a lady of such ways and doings as our former friend of the cottage.

I thought of all this as I mounted the stairs behind the Indian, and at each step I took I grew more puzzled.

### XVIII.

#### RESTITUTION.

As we reached the third floor, the door just opposite opened, and a young lady came out holding a lamp in her hand, which, as she held it up to cast its light on us as we ascended, also illumined her own face.

It was a handsome, bright-looking countenance, and under other circumstances I should have been startled at observing its strong resemblance to Margaret Owenson. As it was, I went so expecting to see or hear from her, that it seemed the most natural thing in the world to find myself face to face with evidently her near relation.

"I am glad you have come," she said, bowing slightly, as I reached the landing. "My poor cousin is in great distress."

As she spoke she opened a door close at hand, and, with an inclination of the head, invited me to enter.

After closing the door carefully, and setting the lamp down on the table, she moved a little away and coughed nervously. I noticed she was dressed in fresh deep mourning; and even to my stranger eye, her face looked worn and pale.

"I hope," I began, anxious to help her to a commencement, "that Mrs.—I mean Miss Owenson—is not ill."

"No," she answered, quickly, "not ill; but in great grief. She has asked me to see you, Mr. Owen, and tell you—indeed, I scarcely know how to begin this sad story."

(To be continued.)

## RED AND BLUE PENCIL.

"The history of the old compartnery, the Governor and Company of Adventurers of England trading into Hudson's Bay' ought," says Sir E. W. Watkin, Bart., "to be written by some able hand." Then he suggests Mr. Smiles or Dr. Goldwin Smith as having the requisite qualifications for the task. Whoever undertakes it (Dr. Bryce or Mr. C. N. Bell, perhaps), will find no lack of stirring incident, of adventure, of conflict, of what is most forcible and effective in human aspiration and will, most dramatic and often romantic in human enterprise, with which to crowd his pages. But such a work would also be a record of exploration and discovery, colonization and general progress in the northern portion of this continent. As it is, what can be learned on the subject is to be sought in a variety of directions. Down to the middle of last century, the story is told in matter-of-fact style in the Report of the Select Committee of 1748-9.

At that time the Company had only six forts; before Sir George Simpson's death it had nearly a hundred and fifty. Of one of the most interesting of the old forts, that which bore the name of "Prince of Wales," from an heir-apparent of the early Georgian era, the remains—reputed to be the largest ruins in North America—may still be seen on a commanding site, at the mouth of the Churchill river. Though mounting some forty guns, it was surrendered, without firing a shot, to the famous Admiral Prowse, in 1772. Of the inland forts, those between Hudson's Bay and the great lakes, those of the MacKenzie basin and those of the Western division, beyond the Rocky Mountains, there is hardly one that has not a record of interest to the student of our history.

In an article of great historic worth contributed by Mr. F. Blake Crofton to the *Toronto Week*, we learn that as long ago as eleven years before the American Revolution, that is, in the year 1765, Thomas Pownall, formerly Governor of Massachusetts Bay and South Carolina, and Lieutenant-Governor of New Jersey, published in London the second edition of his "Administration of the Colonies," in which work he advocated a scheme of "a grand marine Dominion," which was virtually the Imperial Federation of the present day. He anticipated and answered the objections that would be made to such a scheme by Great Britain, on the one hand, and by the American colonies, on the other. He had no doubt that, by the exercise of moderation and justice, all supposed obstacles to the accomplishment of the plan could be overcome. Nor was he daunted by the difficulties that would arise on the ground of distance—difficulties, of course, much greater then than they are to-day. Later, while the colonies were in active revolt, the great economist, Adam Smith, proposed that each colony that separated from the confederacy should be granted "representation with taxation."

The credit of publicly advocating the federation of the Empire for the first time in British America, Mr. Crofton ascribes to David Chisholme, a journalist of Lower Canada, who, in 1832, published at Three Rivers a book entitled "Observations on the Rights of British Colonies to Representation in the British Parliament." After deprecating separation from the mother country, Mr. Chisholme wrote: "Our desire, on the contrary, is only to continue members of the happy family in which we have been born and brought up; to draw both the paternal and fraternal bonds tighter around us, and to strengthen the chains of the family communion. But we desire, at the same time, to enjoy equal rights and equal privileges. We desire to be put on the same footing with the other members of the family. . . . Being joint-heirs of the inheritance of our forefathers, we desire to be consulted in its management. . . . The children of the same national family, the subjects of the same Crown, the heirs of the same constitution, . . . introduce us into your councils; admit us to your confidence. . . . We shall then, indeed, be one people,

with common rights, common privileges, common laws and common interests."

Mr. Crofton would go still further back for the germs of the idea of Imperial Federation, finding its cardinal principle—that benefits, responsibilities and obligations should be reciprocal between the constituent parts of an Empire—in Bacon's letter to King James "On the True Greatness of the Kingdom of Britain."

To Judge Haliburton, however, Mr. Crofton assigns the palm among those who anticipated this great movement, as having "looked on the question more nearly from the standpoint of a modern federationist than any of those earlier thinkers." In the admirable biographical and critical essay on "Haliburton: the Man and the Writer," Mr. Crofton discusses more in detail the "Old Judge's," remarkable forecasts of opinions which have of late assumed form and consistency. He closes his contribution to the *Week* by mentioning the Hon. Joseph Howe's pamphlet of 1866, which contained "what was," he thinks, "very probably the first published scheme of Imperial Federation."

The mention of Haliburton's name reminds us that some time ago we were shown a memorial of his life in England, which certainly one would not expect to find in Canada. It is a prayer-book, and when we first heard of its existence, we asked its present owner to bring it along with him some morning on his way to business. "That is more easily said than done," he replied. "If you wish to see it you must imitate the Arabian prophet, for assuredly the volume in question is not of the portable kind." After some delay we called upon our friend, and sure enough we found his relic a work of no common weight. It is by measurement 18 inches long by 11 broad. On the cover, in gilt letters, is the inscription: "Isleworth Church, Henry Glossop, Vicar; John Wilmot, James Norris, Churchwardens, 1821." On the title-page we read: "The Book of Common Prayer, etc., together with the Psalter or Psalms of David, etc. Oxford: Printed at the Clarendon Press by Bensley, Cooke, and Collingwood, printers to the University, 1815." At what date this sacred tome made its way to Canada its owner does not know. It has been in his possession for twenty years, and he had long cherished it as a gift—virtually a dying gift—from a dear friend, before he recognized its value as a souvenir of Haliburton's residence in Isleworth. Many and many a time has the author of "Sam Slick" heard the liturgy of the Church read from that bulky volume.

It was at Isleworth that he spent the closing and, in some respects, not the least fruitful years of his useful life. He identified himself with all the local philanthropic and literary movements, and was gladly accepted as a leader in thought and taste and all good work. "The village of Isleworth," wrote a local chronicler, "will henceforth be associated with the most pleasing reminiscences of Mr. Justice Haliburton." There he breathed his last, and in Isleworth churchyard all that was mortal of him reposes.

When a man of literary aspirations enters the arena of politics, his rank as a writer is often forgotten. Disraeli and Gladstone are known by thousands as leaders of great parties and prime ministers of England for ten who think of the one as a romance writer and the other as scholar, essayist and critic. Some of our own public men have had a like experience. How few think of Joseph Howe as a poet! Yet he courted the Muses before he courted the electorate. We hope ere long to give some examples of his lyrical power.

Mr. Howe is only one out of many of our eminent statesmen who have been as skilful with the pen as they were able in debate or eloquent on platform or hustings. Nearly all our French speaking politicians enter public life through the gate of journalism, and we could name not a few of them who were known as graceful and vigorous *littérateurs* before they won their reputation as

parliamentarians or administrators. The English roll in our Parliament and Legislatures also furnishes a good many instances of the same twofold gift. The names of Chauveau, Marchand, Archibald, McGee, Fabre, Morris, Cauchon, Langevin, White and Faucher de St. Maurice are only a few examples out of many that might be cited.

The Hon. J. W. Longley contributes to the April number of the *Magazine of American History* a remarkable account of the unhappy experiences of Victor Hugo's daughter, Adèle, in Halifax, Nova Scotia, whither she had followed a faithless military lover and where she was well known by many persons of prominence in society. The biographies of the poet, though some of them mention Adèle, generally keep aloof from the tragedy that darkened her life.

It is a good sign when those who are in power bethink them of the claims of men of letters who have done honour to their country. Many of our readers will be glad to learn that Dr. L. H. Fréchette, of whose writings Mr. Leigh R. Gregor lately gave us an estimate, based on careful study, has been appointed clerk to the Legislative Council, in the place of Mr. George de Boucherville, who retires after many years of faithful service. Thus the author of *La Légende d'un Peuple* succeeds the author of *Une de Perdue et Deux de Trouvées*.

We have to thank "Morpheus" for putting us in the way of a touching incident, in connection with General Montgomery, the hapless leader of the assault on Quebec, in December, 1775. It is related in the *Mémoires* of the late Philippe Aubert de Gaspé, chapter second. After indicating, with much circumstantiality, how the body of Montgomery was disposed of after he had received his death-blow, the author of "Les Anciens Canadiens" relates that, on the third day after the soldier's burial, his (M. de Gaspé's) uncle, Chas. de Lanaudière, aide-de-camp to Lord Dorchester, was informed that a splendid spaniel had persistently remained on the spot where his master was interred, scratching the earth with his paws, and uttering plaintive howls. Only after a week did the humane officer succeed in coaxing away the poor devoted brute from the grave of the master that he loved. His perseverance did not go unrewarded, for "Montgomery" (so the dog was thenceforth named), proved as affectionately attached to his new and sympathetic owner as he had been faithful to the unfortunate commander whose name he inherited.

To Professor Roberts we are indebted for a contribution on a new theme. How cleverly Mr. Bird has dealt with it our readers can judge:

## ON THE PAINS OF WRITING A BALLADE.

To write a "Ballade" seems not hard,  
At all events I mean to try;  
I read one by a brother bard,  
Which set me on to do or die.  
One difficulty is that I—  
Confound it!—stupidly forget  
Just how the rules of rhyme apply;  
But I will write a Ballade yet.

Thus far, I think, is by the card,  
(Here rises a self-flattering sigh,  
Which you will kindly disregard);  
But still I wish the end was nigh.  
(Thanks, just a glass; I'm rather dry),  
I feel entangled in a net,—  
That pitfalls all around me lie;  
But I will write a Ballade yet.

Hope bids me all my fears discard—  
She's very kind, few with her vie—  
But then I find it plaguery hard;  
Not half so easy as to lie  
At ease and gently vilify  
Poor devils out there in the wet,  
Or blandly smile upon the "Rye";  
But I will write a Ballade yet.

## ENVOY.

Lord! now 'tis time to say "good bye";  
I know we part with small regret,  
And fear these lines you may decry;  
But I will write a Ballade yet.

Windsor, N.S., March 22, 1889.

T. H. BIRD.



## THE R. B. ANGUS GIFT TO THE ART ASSOCIATION..



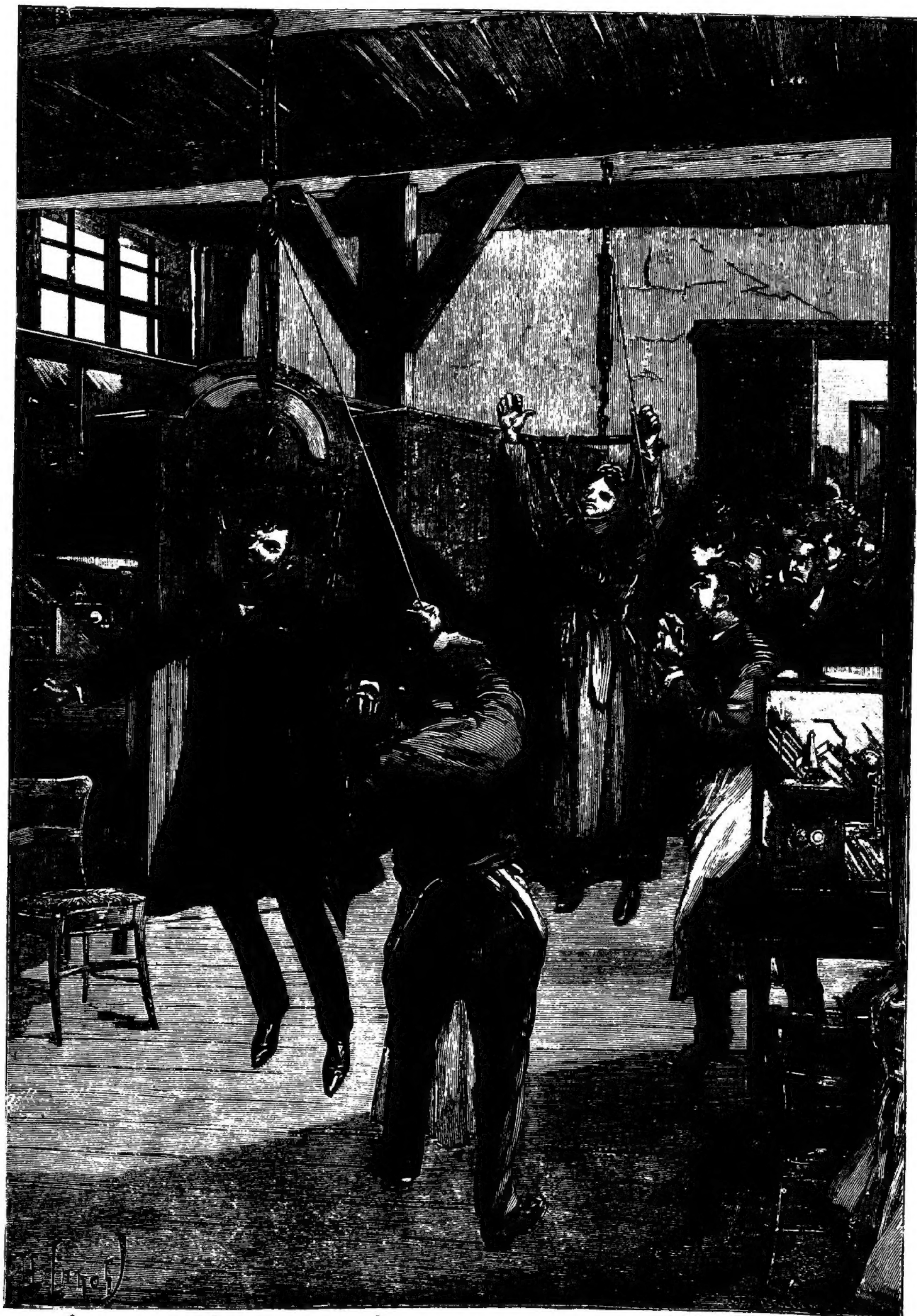
LE RETOUR DES CREVETIÈRES.

E. I. Vernier



THE HARVEST FIELD.

Wyatt-Faun.



NEW REMEDY FOR SPINAL DISEASES: SUSPENSION AT LA SALPÊTRIÈRE, PARIS.



## OUR WILD WESTLAND;

OR, POINTS ON THE PACIFIC PROVINCE.

BY MRS. ARTHUR SPRAGUE.

Author of "From Ontario to the Pacific by the C. P. R."

Naturally, the eastern boundary of British Columbia is defined by the watershed of the Rocky Mountains, whose suggestively named range rises between the Northwest Territories and the Pacific Province; artificially, it is marked by a square post, guarded by a cairn of stones, set up on the dividing line, close to the C. P. R. In the summer of 1886, I was an historic passenger on the first through train over that road, circumstances having settled my husband at Donald, in the Columbia Valley, a mountain town lying between the Rocky and the Selkirk Ranges—a willing traveller from motives of curiosity, a hesitating one from motives of selfishness. Few citizens, probably, forsake civilization voluntarily, unless society or the world has injured them or *vice versa*, and, unfortunately, my experience of discomfort was absolutely *nil*, for I had never been initiated even into the mysteries of camping out or any other fashionable form of "roughing it." I knew not where or how I was to dwell, whether under canvass, roof, or tree. Indeed, had not conjugal faith and love of change been strong, I had never penetrated B. C. These antediluvian letters are, by the way, the accepted superscription of the Province, though it is doubtful, as regards its present unknown European quantity, whether a letter thus addressed would find its destination. They are a curiously suggestive survival of the powerful Hudson's Bay Company, which once dominated our wild west, whose possessions, large and small, buildings, bottles and boxes, were all conspicuously branded H. B. C. Coming once upon some mouldering relics of these past glories, an innocent inquiry as to their possible meaning, evoked from a wag the solemn assurance that the letters indicated: "Here Before Christ." It was early in the fainting month of July that Donald dawned upon me in its pristine development from forests primeval (*vide* Longfellow), and to even the most unprejudiced observer, there is nothing either interesting or attractive about unfinished stations, mounds of sawdust, and piles of lumber, while there is something embarrassing about leaping off the platform of a Pullman into the most attentive husband's arms. No one knows how high that last step is off the ground, till one has to descend literally upon mother earth, or a human substitute. Apart from the mountains, those "Sentinels of God," as one of our Canadian poets has aptly called them, there was nothing prepossessing about my prospective home. A dreary waste of black stumps, newly cleared in preparation for official railway buildings, extended from the line to a wooded foothill, at whose base the Columbia river flowed, entirely hidden from view between its high banks on the one side; on the other, a correspondingly treeless tract stretched back to a distant green belt of pines. A prolonged contemplation of this foreground, while trunks were being sorted out, was not encouraging, but hope revived with the agreeable information that a house was ready to receive me within its welcome four walls. Grasping all gripable hand baggage, we ascended an elevator from the flats, described, geographically, as Quality Hill, since it was supposed to represent the aristocratic element of the most democratic of towns. Here, certainly, are assembled the court house, the houses of the C. P. R. officials, that of the gold commissioner, and our own mansion, which proved to be the very ordinary log house of the original settler in the Dominion; but was duly appreciated as an improvement upon a tent or a tree. That residence, now considerably enlarged and improved, is charmingly situated in a grove on the banks of the Columbia river. Above it, on the opposite side, tower the Selkirk mountains, rising in imposing heights of blue-grey rock against the sky line, while various other peaks and summits bound the horizon in all directions, and emphasize the limitation of the valley proper. Since the C. P. R. and our transcontinental route have become popular, a log house is as commonplace an object as a

Red Indian. Four years ago, both were curiosities. My first impression of the former was its artistic possibilities. The rows of parallel grey-brown logs, with intervening irregular lines of creamy plaster, are not unsightly, especially when the logs, as often happens, are allowed to follow their natural inclinations in the way of length, and project a foot, more or less, at the corners, thus loosing the squareness of civilized architecture. So much for their exterior; the interior is lined with boards, and divided according to the owner's fancy, both walls and partitions being invariably covered with sheets of coarse brown paper (apparently a western commodity.) It is bought in heavy rolls and does not possess the merit of cheapness, but combines use, in keeping out the cold, with ornament as a good medium for decorative work in oil or crayons. Our culinary arrangements were, unfortunately, incomplete, my advent being a little premature. The question of meals, a somewhat vexed one, was solved by the marital suggestion that we should adjourn to the town and patronize its hotel. A descent was accordingly made from Quality Hill to the flat below, beneath the scorching rays of a midsummer sun. In no place, by the way, does that luminary make his power more felt (not even in semi-tropical Bermuda) than in B. C., where the clear dry atmosphere, the elevation of much of the country, and the refraction off the Rocky Mountain sides produce a heat that is almost unendurable in the middle of the day. It defies every sort of hat, and almost the protecting umbrella. Yet, strange to say, sunstroke is unknown, for which some scientist must account. My experience was the unpleasant one of being an animated burning glass, with every ray of sunshine focussed on my devoted head; so I was not prepared to contemplate the local inn with satisfaction. In other words, I was distinctly unamiable, especially as our walk had been for over half a mile through at least a foot of dust. Consequently, I vowed, then and there, that had I to live on bread alone in my own house, never again would I set foot in that hostelry again, a vow I was enabled to keep, thanks to the kindness of Mr. Marpole, the superintendent of our division of the C. P. R., who made us welcome to his official quarters until such time as our kitchen was nailed on to the house, a few days after my arrival. A kitchen requires a cook to complete its perfection, but the domestic class was not indigenous to the mountains, and its importation was both risky and expensive, nor had the ubiquitous celestial at that time penetrated into the interior of the province. We had, therefore, to fall to upon our own housework, and my husband, owing to the fact that he had acquired a great reputation in the country from long experience in the Northwest, in a lumber establishment, was unanimously chosen cook. I did not find him a Soyer, I confess; but his forte is supposed to lie in the preparation of larger and more elaborate dishes than we patronize in our daily fare. Luckily for him we moved about the country a great deal, spending only two months in the Columbia valley. Even my lighter domestic duties I found extremely onerous, though the novelty of such existence made some amends for its daily drudgery.

To the lowlander, mountain scenery must be a new sensation. That about Donald is esteemed some of the finest on the railroad, lying as it does between the noble ranges of the Rockies and the Selkirks, at whose base flows the far-famed Columbia. The latter is a deep and rapid stream, confined by high wooded banks, which rise on the south side in a ridge of dense forest; above whose pointed, bristling trees tower the grey, scarred pinnacles of the Selkirks, breaking, as it were, from amid waves of foliage. This belt of verdure, with its background of rock, has the curiously artificial effects of the horizontal line, nature so seldom expresses, and art so constantly applies. It is caused in reality by the existence to the south of the belt of some large lake or flat, extending to the foot of the mountains, but entirely concealed from view by the ridge of pines and firs. Thus the phenomenon of sombre masses of vegetation, lying like a perfectly straight emerald band against the deep group of rocks,

crag and precipices, remains, as it was evolved in ages past, untouched by the hand of man. The rugged heights of the Selkirk range are streaked with snow high up in their barren fastnesses, which are outlined in blue or purple, according to the sun's position against the firmament.

The north bank of the Columbia is broken by a wood of young pines, stretching down to the railway, through which clearings, called fire breaks, have been cut to protect the houses in the neighborhood from the bush conflagrations that are the curse of the country.

Donald owes its origin to the C. P. R. Company, which, impressed by its favorable situation, selected it as the terminus of the Pacific division of the road. To facilitate their building operations, they cleared the valley for a mile on both sides of the line, erected a round house, with repairing shops, coal sheds, store-houses and all the other accessories of a divisional point. The wide, well gravelled yard concentrating numerous tracks, gives the place an important appearance, while the busy clang of hammer and anvil indicates that it is the busiest spot in the mountains. The town proper is typical of all the mushroom growths of railway civilization in Western America, and to an eye fresh from a city of streets and plate-glass shop windows, it had much the effect of a side show. In 1886 it consisted of a straggling line of log-frame and tent structures, in the lingo of the country, shacks, extending down the valley westward, following the line of the railway, which runs in a small cutting, raising them above its level. The ground between, filled with an untidy collection of stones, timber and debris of all kinds, among which numerous packs of cards, seemingly, as Mark Twain has it, to size the place, better than other individual characteristics, represented the streets.

It is almost impossible to convey an adequate idea of the local centre. The hotel (now replaced by a large, well managed establishment), in which I partook of my first tempting meal, begins the line on the east with an angle of its own. Its neighbour was a store turned gable end out, a frame building, occupied by a general dealer who was also a J. P. Next came a tent structure with a wooden front (the Woodbine Hotel), and to this succeeded a number of saloons rejoicing in the suggestive names of "Delmonico," "The Ideal," "The Criterion," "The Bon Ton," "The Hub," etc., followed by more tents and wooden houses, the row terminating at the west end with a third hotel of less ambitious character than its opposite rival dignified with the name of "Windsor." This edifice occupied the end of the high ground which falls away from it in a low wooded bottom, through which the railway runs on a high embankment for half a mile, where it crosses the Columbia by a lofty trestle bridge. After forming the southern boundary of the valley, the river takes an entirely new departure; describing a perfect loop in its devious course, it flows due north for some little distance. Its waters are of a curious muddy-green colour, caused from melting snow off the mountain sides, which during the summer months swells its turbid current to a dangerous degree, and causes them to entrench considerably upon its wooded banks. The Columbia is not an imposing body of water, compared with our eastern rivers, but it is picturesque, its odd olive tinge harmonizing artistically with the dark greens of the adjacent heights. Rising in the Columbia lakes in the Kootenay District, a hundred miles south of the C. P. R., it flows in a generally direct line north-west, then completely changing its course, diverted by impenetrable mountain barriers, turns almost due south, enters Washington Territory and empties itself into the Pacific Ocean.

My greatest disappointment in British Columbia is, as it will be to every practical settler, the price of living. Expense has so come to be associated with luxury, and civilization and economy with roughing it in a new country, that it is a surprise to find the necessities of existence as dear as its dainties should be. House rent and taxes are nominally *nil*; land and lumber are open to all, with a small yearly poll tax; of wages, 20, 25 and 30 dollars a month are paid to Chinamen,



the only class of domestics adapted to the country, so that the celestial is naturally a law unto himself and the establishment, be it large or small. Water is 25 cents a barrel; bread, 20 cents a loaf; coal is 75 cents per gallon; fruit and vegetables are sold by the lb., the former at 25 cents and upwards, representing 2 apples, 3 pears, 4 peaches, 5 plums, etc., according to size. Milk is 15 to 20 cents a quart; meat, 15 to 20 cents a lb., according to cuts; salmon, 18 cents; ordinary groceries, such as tea and coffee are reasonable; fancy articles in the way of jams, sauces and pickles are exorbitant. To the housekeeper it is a calamity to find the cost of the most ordinary simple living with one servant equal to that of good living with two servants in Ontario.

I have not yet discovered who makes the big profits. The merchant says it is the railway, with its freights, and the railway says it is the merchant; but whoever pockets the money, the consumer loses it.

#### APRIL.

Winter's soundless car whirls o'er the earth,  
Where, late, he reigned; and northward all have flown  
His fierce wind-legions. Nature, here, alone  
In motherhood, attends a humble birth,  
Where beauty on his advent drooped to sere;  
Where, on his bare-trod track, his breath fell hoar.  
Now, tho' a king his kingdom is no more;  
His towers are gone, his pavements disappear.  
Nor mountains tremble deep, nor forest reel,  
Nor lakes roar sharp, beneath his wheel  
Along the shore, nor furies thresh the seas,  
And hurl the bergs adrift. Thro' all the night  
His floating mantle swept, till scattered trees  
Were draped with all his jewels, and shades were bright  
Whereon he breathed; and earth, pearl-garlanded,  
Took beauty where his car had sped.

Late Morn, with drowsy eyelids drunk with night,  
Still-breathed in slumber, slipped a glance  
And slept again, veiling her eyes' delight.  
Too deep, the ecstasy of nightly trance  
To break the power of a tender dream.  
Faint music stirred her hearing, till, awake  
Her glances silvered from her tardy bed.  
Then, wakefulness blushed with a warmer beam;  
Life kissed her form, and in her footsteps, spake;  
And Day sprang up enthralled and ravished.  
She fled, yet smiled from mounts and over glades;  
Sprang thro' the forests and awoke the shades.  
In vain his ardor; yet, he chased and leaped  
In the fragrance of her distant tresses steeped.

Winter stood once more where Nature bent  
To gaze upon her baby-spring asleep.  
Between its fingers blossoms 'gan too creep,  
Close to their warmth, and snowy hearts present—  
Sweet whiteness softened by a richer glow—  
A fringe of pink upon a flake of snow.  
The king was wan; the child was fresh and fair;  
The earth was white. Soft breezes caroled sweet;  
Suspended harps thrilled life into the air;  
And loveliness inspired each soul to beat.  
The child awoke and smiled its lids apart.  
Quick from restful slumber, blue and wide  
They looked upon the king. Hot to the heart,  
They smote; and, swift, on every side,  
His splendor faded as he fled.

When night came back it came with melodies  
Of peace; for weary wings no longer spread  
In day-long flight. Low songs arise  
Of cooing birds, amid the branches covered.

Wolfville, N. S.

J. F. HUBIN.

There is no real conflict between truth and politeness, what is imagined to be such is only the crude mistake of those who fail to discover their harmony. Politeness, taken in its best sense, is the graceful expression of respect, kind feeling and good will.

A man who dwells on failure with discontent convicts himself of littleness. We cannot be masters of ourselves till our sovereignty has been challenged and proved. The salutary shock comes on this side and that, and the courageous sufferer is taught the wealth of his resources.

The cultivation of a woman's mind cannot be carried too high, but it must be a cultivation proper to her—to her constitution, her marked gifts, her work in the world. Woman is equal to man? Yes, but equal by being herself, and not a pale copy of him.—*Archbishop of York.*



Although Mr. Phillips Stewart is one of our youngest writers, his name and his work are, we feel sure, not unknown to many of our readers. He is a native of Ontario, and resides with relatives in Toronto. In his first year at University College, in that city, he was awarded a prize for a poem entitled "Columbus." Being printed in some of the newspapers, it drew attention to the author and elicited some favourable criticism. It was considered to be beyond the range, in thought and style, of the average prize poem. His success prompted Mr. Stewart to undertake fresh and more sustained flights. He began to realize that it was not merely the ardour of youth, aspiring to manifold excellence, that led him to write verse. Poesy to him was a reality, a living presence, whose influence he could feel, sometimes saddening, with the sadness of deeper insight into the truth of things, but still elevating and upholding those who recognized her beneficent mission. The nature and drift of the control thus exerted over his mind Mr. Stewart soon learned. In "The Poet" he writes:

"Thou hast lips and eyes divine,  
A celestial life is thine.  
Passion may grow cold and pale,  
Poesy's pleasures never fail.  
O the poet's dream Elysian!  
O the poet's magic vision!"

The little volume in which this composition and others of Mr. Stewart's productions are found was published in London in 1887 by the well known firm of Kegan, Paul, Trench & Co. Before setting out on a tour through part of the old world, especially that southern Europe which Mr. J. A. Symonds has so admirably illustrated in his literary and artistic studies, our young poet had gained some testing opportunities of trying his mental wings. He was for a time editor of the *'Varsity*, and contributed to the *Chicago Current*. His book has had, we understand, more than the *succès de mérite*, which is what some of even our deserving writers, who have published their works in Canada, have had to content themselves with. The first edition was soon bought up and a second called for. Of its contents, besides what we have mentioned, we may name the dedication, "To My Mother," "Evermore," "Keats" (a sonnet), and "De Profundis" as marked by grace and power. The thinking in "De Profundis," with its "obstinate questionings," shews a capacity for peering into the core of life's mystery and death's terrors which reveals no common mind. Again, in "A Sleeping News Girl" the cruel contrasts presented by adjustments with which we are too familiar to be greatly shocked are brought out with strong simplicity:

"Thine is no life of flower and bird,  
And joys the seasons bring;  
By vale and hill thou hast not heard  
The bleating lambs of spring.  
Thou has not seen green harvest shoot,  
Nor heard the streamlet's merry flute,  
Nor plucked one lily white  
From the clear tide, nor has thine eye  
Found in its waves the sapphire sky  
And vigil stars of night."

Unless the gods who have so richly endowed him love him too well, we are sure to hear of Mr. Stewart again and with increasing favour.

Much has been written concerning Mexico during the last fifty years. Until quite recently, however, it was a theme on which scholars and men of science built up theories more or less in harmony with reason and probability rather than a subject to be dealt with practically and from the standpoint of the living present. One English nobleman, Lord Kingsborough, spent a fortune in the endeavour to prove that the semi-civilized dwellers in Anahuac were of Semitic and, most likely, of Hebrew origin. Prescott told the story of the Conquest with more grace of style than critical acumen. The explorations of Stevens and Catherwood were the starting-point of really scientific investigation into the aboriginal history

and culture of the Mexican and Central American races. A couple of years ago Desiré Charney, with the added advantage of the latest improvements in pictorial and plastic reproduction, enriched both Europe and America, or, at least, Paris and Washington, with a grand museum in which the student may examine the remains of the old civilization just as if he were on the spot. But simultaneously with the appearance of Mr. Charney's "Ancient Cities of the New World" have issued from the press several volumes treating almost wholly of Mexico as it is to-day, of its people, its resources, its development and its prospects. Noteworthy among these was the "Study of Mexico," by the Hon. David A. Wells, who discussed the country and its inhabitants as an economist. Mr. S. B. Griffin gave, about the same time, the results of his observations and reflections during a visit to Mexico, and Mr. John H. Rice was also moved to write a book about "Mexico, our Neighbour." All these volumes have characteristic merits. But now we have still another work, more comprehensive in its scope than any of the preceding, for it tells "The Story of Mexico" from the very dawn of its history to the present. It comes with authority, both from its connection with a trustworthy series, and from the reputation of the writer. Miss Susan Hale assisted her father, the Rev. E. E. Hale, in writing "The Story of Spain," and "The Story of Mexico" is, until 1821, the story of a Spanish colony. Miss Hale did not, however, place all her dependence on libraries. She went to the country herself and learned on the spot what it and its people were like. In an introductory chapter she takes a survey of her subject, first of all trying to realize how its inhospitable coast must have struck the *Conquistadores* towards the close of the first quarter of the sixteenth century. She then tries to picture to herself the "shadowy tribes" that came and went in those obscure years that preceded the coming of Cortez. Then traditions are analyzed and sifted. Toltecs and Nahuas and Mayas are discriminated. The legends of their poet-kings are examined for any substratum of fact. The customs and culture of the different nations are described. The advance of the invaders and the struggle which ended in the subjugation of Montezuma's subjects are graphically depicted. Then came the long rule of the viceroys, lasting for 300 years. The era of independence, of revolution, ending sometimes in anarchy, sometimes in despotism, followed. Napoleon III. devised the remedy which he had applied in France, but the tragic collapse of the Mexican experiment foreshadowed the destined fall of his own domination. The republicans were victorious under Juarez: now Porfirio Diaz rules in his stead. In the story of the nations there is nothing stranger than "The Story of Mexico," and Miss Hale has brought out its salient features with judgment and skill. We know of no better text-book for those who would have a comprehensive and trustworthy history of that interesting country. Good illustrations add to its value. The publishers are G. P. Putnam & Sons, New York.

A few years ago Mr. William Saunders, F.R.S.C., F.L.S., a gentleman whose services in connection with the Entomological Society of Ontario and as editor of the *Canadian Entomologist* are well known, gathered the results of his investigations in the field of economic entomology into a good-sized volume, which was brought out by the J. R. Lippincott Company, of Philadelphia. The title, "Insects injurious to Fruits," fairly indicated its character and the purpose that it was intended to serve. Insects injurious to the apple, the pear, the peach, the grape, the raspberry, and so on through the entire list of our native fruits, are carefully described and illustrated, and the measures to be taken for their destruction clearly indicated. The work was welcomed by fruit-growers both in the United States, and Canada and in some five years the whole edition was exhausted. A second and revised edition has just been issued, with ample index and 440 woodcuts, by the same firm. Mr. Saunders is the director of the Dominion Experimental Farms and resides at Ottawa.



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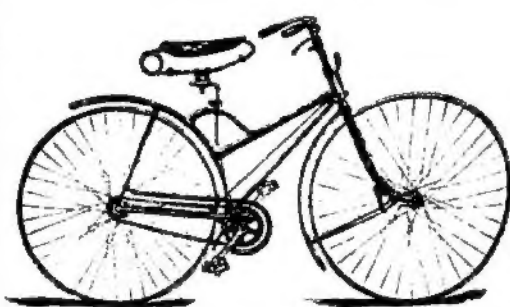
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